

The Road Home Part 1

by silverslice1053

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Summary: Andrew and his pal Tex try to get used to a normal living without the USMC in their lives. after halo 3. my first story let me know what you think

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Prologue

There was noise all around Andrew. He couldn't focus, he couldn't think. The Covenant had destroyed everything in there path and now they've come here. The hull of the _ Renaissance _ shock violently as another boarding craft latched onto it's hull. _Exactly what we need, more aliens, _Andrew thought as he gunned down another Grunt. He heard Tex shouting at something next to him but he payed no attention to it. All he cared about was holding these little devil's off until the back up arrived.

"Andrew, thirty credits says i get more kills then you!" Tex said with a tone of sarcasm in his voice. Andrew turned and gave a smirk to let him know he was on. Even if Andrew died today, he was gonna die with thirty credits in his pocket. The two Marines finished off the stragglers and continued down the debris filled hallway. They approached the door to the armory, this was the rally point and they desperately needed ammo. Andrew walked in followed by Tex. The room was surprisingly quiet. To the Marines astonishment there was nobody in there. Tex took the left side of the room while Andrew took the right. It was dead quiet, not a sound except for the fighting on different levels of the ship. Suddenly there was an explosion and Andrew fell to the ground. He looked up and saw Tex shooting then he fell to the ground as something hit him on the back of the head.

Andrew stood up and cursed while shotting in the general area of the cloaked Elite. His magazine ran empty and that was it for the MA5B Assault Rifle. He drew his pistol and looked around the room. From the corner of his eye Andrew saw movement. Everything seemed to slow

down as Andrew turned and fired three shots as the Elite plowed into him. Andrew flew back and hit the wall and slide down. He saw the pistol on the ground and crawled toward it. He was just about to reach the pistol when the alien flipped him over on his back. He looked up at the ugly face of the split-lipped alien above him. The alien's cobalt armor shimmered in the light. It said something in it's alien tongue and raised its booted foot over his head. Helen, I'm sorry, thought Andrew as the alien boot came down.

Andrew woke with a start. He looked around the small bedroom of his apartment. He rubbed his eyes to get the sleepiness out of them. He heard movement beside him and his adrenaline spiked. He looked to his right and saw Helen stirring. He chuckled at the thought of how much of a fuss she will make when she wakes up to find her brunette hair is covered in dog drool. He leaned over the foot of the bed and saw Max laying there. The dog had developed a bad habit of sleeping on the bed, most likely Helen let him sleep up there when Andrew was gone. He petted the dogs head and it stretched. Andrew looked over at the clock and saw that it read 7:17 A.M. He could never sleep long enough for the alarm.

He climbed out of bed thinking about what he had to do today. He stopped dead in his tracks. He had nothing to do except relax. It was Saturday which meant that there was no work and that the game was on today at noon. Okay, so I have to watch the game today. It was better than nothing he thought. It had been five months since he got home and he still wasn't used to not having to wake up and do drill's. He walked into the living room and flipped on the tv, and grabbed the phone then punched a few numbers. The phone rang a few times and a tired voice answered.

"Hey Tex it's Drew, the game is on today. You and Becky comin' over to watch it?" Andrew asked chuckling.

End
file.